

Son of Uncle Sam

by Bill Yarrow

He doesn't drink, but he has his
intoxications: strength, sugar, sleep,
sex, surprise. He's hooked on the pinball
excitements of adolescence. He's the one with
a moustache loitering on the monkey bars. He's the
one who just replaced the lifters on his Impala. He's the
one whose girlfriend needs a wholesale career overhaul. He
can see the future, but it's not a future that will come true. He
works with his hands, but that takes brains he tells his nephews.
He's over forty and he still eats red meat. He's got sand in his
socks.

